

S I X
O L Y M P I C O D E S
O F
P I N D A R: *K*

Being those omitted by

M R. W E S T.

TRANSLATED INTO
E N G L I S H V E R S E.

W I T H
N O T E S.
by Henry James Pye.

L O N D O N:

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OF YMPIC ODI

of

P I N D A R



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P R E F A C E.

IT is surprizing, that while the Prince of *Roman* Lyric Poetry has been either imitated or translated by every dabbler in *Helicon*, his *Grecian Archetype* should have remained almost unattempted. *Horace*, it is true, sets forth in strong Terms, the Danger attending such an Attempt; while *Cowley*, by his ill Success, has but too truly verified his Pre-

diction. But the Regularity and Confinement of *Latin* Versification by no Means suited the *Pindaric* Muse, used to the more extended Licence, and varied Dialects, of the *Greek*: And the Failure of *Cowley* must be imputed to the great Liberties he took in altering, not only the Expressions, but the apparent Meaning of the Poet he professed to imitate; and, to use his own Phrase, being determined not to fall into the common Error of other Translators, by fearing to shoot beyond his Mark; he has but too often shot far wide of it.

The *English* is, of all Languages, most calculated to copy the Lyric Compositions of *Greece*; witness the *Elfrida* and *Caractacus* of *Mason*, and the incomparable Odes of *Gray*. And how well Mr. *West* has employed that Language in the Translation of *Pindar*, and how happily he has avoided the Danger, foretold by *Horace*, and experienced by *Cowley*, is too well known to require any Repetition.

That

That Translations of the Ancient Poets, if faithfully executed, and the Connection of their Thoughts properly preserved, are of Use even to the learned Reader, is asserted by one of the best Critics this Country ever produced. The Author of *Polymetis* informs us, that he never perfectly understood the Satires and Epistles of *Horace*, till he read *Pope's* Imitations of them. How necessary then must such Assistance be to the Explanation of a Poet, of all others the most daring in his Flights; and whose Meaning has been so much perplexed by fanciful and tasteless Commentators!

Of my own Attempt I shall only say, that I have studiously endeavoured to give the Sense of the Original as exactly as possible; not taking too great a Liberty in Paraphrasing, on one Hand; nor on the other, suffering the *Spirit* of the Poet to escape me, by adhering too closely to his *Letter*.

I have added Notes on some obscure Passages, in which I often refer to Mr. *West's* Dissertation on the *Olympic Games*; with whose Performances I never mean to interfere, my utmost Ambition being only to follow his Steps, though I fear, *haud passibus æquis*.

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O D E S

O D E S
O F
P I N D A R.

Translated from the GREEK.

B

O D E S

P I N D A R

Translated from the Greek

THE FOURTH OLYMPIC ODE.

To *Psaumis* of *Camarina*, on his Victory in the
Chariot Race.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet, after an Invocation to Jupiter, extols Psaumis for his Victory in the Chariot Race, and for his Desire to honour his Country. From thence he takes Occasion to praise him for his Skill in training Horses, his Hospitality, and his Love of Peace; and, mentioning the History of Erginus, excuses the early Whiteness of his Hair.

STROPHE.

O THOU who o'er the Realms above!
By the unwearied Thunder borne,
Urgest thy shining Car! immortal Jove!
Again the circling Hours return

B 2

Awakes

Awakes my Lyre, and sends me forth 5
 A Witness of heroic Worth.
 Sweet to the Virtuous ever sound the Lays
 Which tell a Friend's Success, or chant his Praise.
 O Son of *Saturn*! who on *Ætna's* Brow,
 The woody Load of *Typhon's* giant Breast, 10
 Hold'st thy Abode; O let the Graces now
 Incline thee to assist the Strain, address'd
 To greet the Victor in the *Olympic* Strife;
 Of every virtuous Deed, the Lustre, and the Life.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Triumphant on his conquering Car 15
 With *Pisa's* sacred Olive crown'd,
 Lo! *Pisaumis* comes; the echoing Shores afar
 Fair *Camarina's* Praise resound;
 For to his own illustrious Name
 The Patriot joins his Country's Fame. 30
 O may the immortal Gods propitious hear
 His future Vows, and grant each pious Prayer!
 Well is he skill'd to train the generous Steed,
 Fair Plenty crowns his hospitable Gate,
 With Breast sincere he courts the placid Meed 25
 Of Peace, the guardian Power of every State.
 No Hues fallacious tinge my honest Lay,
 Experience to the World will every Truth display.

E P O D E.

E P O D E.

Experience taught each *Lemnian* Maid
 No more to scorn • *Clymenus*' valiant Son, • *Erginus*, 30
 What Time in brazen Arms array'd
 In the long Course the envied Prize he won,
 When, taking from *Hypsipyle* the Crown,
 He thus the royal Maid address'd:
 Behold the Man! nor great in Speed alone! 35
 My Hand unvanquish'd, undismay'd my Breast.
 These Silver Tresses lo! are spread
 Untimely, on a youthful Head;
 For oft capricious Nature's Rage,
 Gives to the vigorous Brow, the hoary Tint of Age. 40

N O T E S.

Psaumis of *Camarina* was, according to the Scholiast, the Son of *Acron*; and got the Victory in the Chariot Race in the Eighty-second Olympiad, about the Time that *Rome* was governed by the *Decenviri*. *Camarina* was a City of Sicily, now called *Camarana*.

Ver. 1. *Who o'er the Realms above*
By the unwearied Thunder borne,
Urgeſt thy ſhining Car,——

I find the Word 'Ελαῖη rendered in most of the *Latin* Interpretations *vibrator*, or *impulsor*. And in *Sudorius's* Poetical Version, printed at the End of the *Oxford Pindar*, it is thus translated :

O qui coruscâ fulgura dexterâ

Fulmenque torques.————

The word 'Ελαῖη in this Sense, when connected with ἀκαμαλόποδος, strikes me, as occasioning a confusion of Images; but, by considering it as derived from a very usual Sense of 'Ελαίνω, viz. *equito*, this confusion is removed. My Opinion is favoured by the elder Scholiast, who says, τὴν βροίην ὁ Πίνδαρος ὡς ἵπποι ἐφίγαται τῷ Διὶ, διὸ καὶ ἀκαμαλόποδα αὐτὴν εἶπεν. And the more modern Scholiast, though he afterwards rather inclines to the other Interpretation, says first, 'Ελαῖη ἐπὶ βροίᾳ βροίᾳ. ὡς ἐπὶ ἵππῳ χεῖται τῷ λόγῳ.

Ver. 28. *Experience to the World will every Truth display.*

I own this Transition seems to me the most abrupt and confused of any in *Pindar*; and the Story of *Erginus* appears to be brought in without any apparent Reason, as the Poet himself makes no Mention of *Psaumis's* grey Hairs, though all his Scholiasts and Commentators do.

Ver. 33 — *Hyppisyle* — She was Daughter of *Yboas*, King of *Lemnos*, and instituted Funeral Games in Honour of her Father: to which the *Argonauts* were invited; amongst whom was *Erginus*, the Son of *Chymenus*, who, having white Hair, was ridiculed by the *Lemnian* Women, as unfit to contend for the Prize; but beating *Zetus* and *Calais*, Sons of *Boreas*,

ODE IV. OF PINDAR.

in the Race, their Contempt was changed into Admiration. The Learned Reader must forgive my accenting the Penultimate of *Chymenus*, which he will call making a false Quantity. I shall shelter myself from his Indignation, by pleading our common Pronunciation of many *Greek* Names; for Example, *Cleomenes*, *Eumenes*, &c. though I could defend myself on more safe Principles, viz. the different Effects, of Accent and Quantity. This Subject is amply treated of, as far as it relates to the *Greek* Language, by the late Master of *Eton* School, in his Answer to Dr. Gally; and is brought Home to *English* Versification in an excellent Treatise just published, entitled, “An Essay on the Harmony of Human Speech;” to both which ingenious Performances, I refer the Reader who is desirous of Information on this much-disputed Point.

THE SIXTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To *Ageſſas*, of *Syracuſe*, on his Victory gained by
the *Ἀπώνη*, or Chariot drawn by Mules.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet, after comparing the Opening of his Ode to the beautiful Portico of a Palace built by a ſkilful Architect, celebrates Ageſſas on account of his Olympic Victory, his being Guardian of the Altar of Jupiter, and being admitted to the Rights of a Citizen at Syracuſe; and from theſe Circumſtances compares him to Amphiaraus. Then he mentions his Anceſtors; and ſpeaking of Pitana, and Evadne, has a long Digreſſion on the Birth of Iamus. The Poet then returns to Ageſſas, and declares himſelf to be in ſome meaſure

ODE VI, OF PINDAR.

9

of the same Country; and exhorts Æneas, the Leader of the Chorus, to exert himself; directing him to celebrate Ageſias, for his being an Inhabitant of Sicily, and for his Friendship with Hiero, King of Syracuſe: And, congratulating him on his good Fortune in having Two Countries, concludes with a Prayer to Neptune for his Prosperity.

STROPHE I.

THE ſkilful Architect whoſe dædal Hand
 Contrives the far-reſplendent Dome to raiſe,
 Bids the bright Porch on ſhapely Columns ſtand,
 That rich with Gold and poliſh'd Marble, blaze.—
 So we ſuperbly pour along 5
 In conſcious Dignity the opening Song.
 To him *Olympia's* Wreath who wears,
 Who guards the Thunderer's ſacred Fane,
 And every ſocial Bleſſing ſhares,
 With *Syracuſa's* happy Train; 10
 Each friendly Voice ſhall Notes of Triumph blow,
 And each unenvious Hand, a votive Wreath beſtow.

ANTISTROPHE I.

In this thrice-honor'd State by Fortune placed
 The happy Son of *Soſtratus* behold!
 Nor is the Warrior, or the Seaman graced 15
 By Sloth: 'Tis Toil muſt every Worth unfold.

3

Honor

Honor and endless Fame await
 The Man, who seeks through Danger to be great,—
 To thee, *Agefias*, shall belong
 The worthy Praises, which of old 20
Adrastus with no flattering Tongue
 On *Amphiaraus*, sacred Seer! bestow'd:
 What Time the fatal Earth with yawning Womb,
 Him and his fiery Steeds closed living in the Tomb.

E P O D E I.

Now Seven Funeral Pyres begun 25
 To shed a lurid Blaze around,
 When * *Talaus*' sorrowing Son * *Adrastus*.
 Pour'd to the *Theban* Host this mournful Sound:
 "O how I languish to behold
 "The bravest of my Warrior Train, 30
 "Well skill'd the deep Behests of Fate to unfold,
 "Or spread Destruction o'er the embattled Plain!"
 To him, the *Syracusan* Youth belong
 Such Praise, to whom I tune the *Olympic* Song.
 No Son of Discord, I proclaim 35
 His Worths, his Triumphs are the same:
 And with an Oath confirm the unerring Strain,
 Form'd by the favoring Help of all *Aonia's* Train.

STROPHE II.

Come then, O *Phintis*! to the shining Car
 With Speed, with Speed, the foaming Coursers join; 40
 That whirling o'er the purest Paths afar
 We reach his Ancestors high-honour'd Line.
 Above the rest my Coursers know
 When *Pisa's* Olive decks the Hero's Brow,
 To bear him o'er the sounding Road 45
 Where, far from dark Oblivion's Cell,
 Bright Honor holds her high Abode,
 And Fame and Glory ever dwell.
 Now wide the Gates of Harmony display,
 For to *Eurota's* Shores I guide the sounding Lay. 50

ANTISTROPHE II.

To fair *Pitana* sing, who whilom bore
Evadne, beauteous in her Hair that flows.
 Compress'd by *Neptune* on the silent Shore,
 With strictest Care she hid her Virgin Throes;
 But when the circling Moons her Pain 55
 Maturely brought, she bade her Female Train,
 To *Ægyptus'* parental Hands
 With silent Care the Child convey;
Phasana's Turrets who commands,
 Where *Alpheus* pours his Silver-winding Way: 60
 On whose enamel'd Brink she learn'd to prove,
 In great *Apollo's* Arms, the blushing Rites of Love.

E P O D E.

E P O D E II.

As o'er Heaven's eternal Field
 Roll'd the Hours in circling Pace,
 Time to *Ægyptus* reveal'd 65
 The Produce of the stolen Embrace;
 Now to *Pytho's* sacred Shrine
 Eager flies the anxious King,
 To try the Assistance of the Powers Divine,
 And to his laboring Bosom Quiet bring.
Evadne in his Absence, left alone,
 With trembling Hands unloosed her purple Zone;
 And, wandering far from Human Aid,
 Beneath the Wood's impervious Shade,
 Laid her young Offspring on the fostering Earth; 75
 Smil'd fair *Lucina's* Power on his auspicious Birth.

S T R O P H E III.

Not long, *Iamus*, on the lonely Glade
 Unnoticed, unprotected, didst thou lie:—
 For by the Gods Command, lo through the Shade!
 Two watchful Dragons dart with azure Eye. 80
 And from the Bees transparent Hoard
 Thy little Breast with dulcet Nuture stored.
 Mean while from *Pytho's* rocky Shore
 The wandering King, return'd again,
 With anxious Care now tried to explore 85
 The Fruit of fair *Evadne's* Pain;

For

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For shining *Phæbus* from his sacred Shrine
Proclaim'd *Evadne's* Love, and own'd the Boy divine.

ANTISTROPHE III.

And openly proclaim'd his future Worth
Above Mankind in mystic Lore to shine, 90
And ne'er be wanting in the happy Birth
Of glorious Sons:—Thus spake the Voice divine!
Five Days were pass'd the Mother's Pain,
Unfound the Infant by the careful Train.
Far from the Reach of every Eye, 95
Deep in the irriguous Rushes laid,
While purple Violets growing by,
With dewy Leaves his Body shade:
His Mother's Voice at length the Place proclaimed,
And from his fragrant Couch the Heavenly Infant named.

EPODE III.

As the gently circling Hours
Still their fostering Influence shed,
And opening Manhood's roseate Flowers
Kindly crown'd his blooming Head;
Descending then to *Alpheus'* Shores, 105
While round his Head the Night-Winds blow,
He calls the God who rules where *Ocean* roars,
And *Phæbus* dreadful with his Silver Bow;

Desiring

Desiring public Fame, and fair Renown,
 Might with their verdant Wreaths his Temples crown.—
 Soon each paternal Voice divine
 Own'd him as sprung from Heavenly Line;
 "Rise, Son, and this propitious Sound pursue,
 "Till *Pisa's* crowded Plains rise to thy raptured View."

STROPHE IV.

The Hero straight the Voice obey'd; and now 115
Cronius, thy Cliffs and Rocky Heights they scale;
 There the kind Gods the twofold Art bestow
 Of *Augury*, that never knew to fail;
 There, many a dreadful Labor done,
 At length when great *Alcmena's* Son 120
 Arrived, and bade the awful Shrine
 Sacred to potent *Jove* arise,
 And first began those Rites divine,
 Where Courage wins the *Olympic* Prize;
 He raised the crouded Fane's prophetic Fame, 125
 Whilst *Græcia's* shouting Sons *Iamus'* Worth proclaim.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Hence endless Fame, and happy Fortunes wait
 On the *Iamidae's* exulting Race.—
 Those who in Virtues rugged Ways are great
 The most conspicuous Paths of Life shall grace, 130
 Still

ODE VI. OF PINDAR

15

Still glorious Deeds the Hero speak
 Though Envy burst her venom'd Cheek,
 And teach her Offspring to despise
 The Man, on *Pisa's* trophied Plain
 Whose Coursers know the *Olympic* Prize 135
 In the twelve-turn'd Course to gain.—
 Nor have the Gods, *Agefias*, given to Air
 Thy Sire's propitious Vows, and every pious Prayer.

E P O D E IV.

Who beneath the sacred Shade
 Which *Cyllene's* Mountains shed, 140
 Honors due for ever paid
 To *Hermes'* venerable Head;
 To him who cleaves the yielding Skies,
 The Herald of the *Ethereal* Train,
 Who in the *Olympic* Strife appoints the Prize, 145
 And guards *Arcadia's* happy-peopled Plain.
 He and his thundering Sire to thee decreed,
 O Son of *Sostratus!* the glorious Meed.—
 A sudden Thought I raptured feel,
 Which, as the Whetstone points the Steel, 150
 Brightens my Sense, and bids me warbling raise
 To the soft breathing Flute, the kindred Notes of Praise,

S T R O-

STROPHE V.

From fair *Arcadia* too my Linè I bring,
 From *Symphalus* the bright *Metopa* came,
 Mother of warlike *Tlebes*, whose Silver Spring 155
 I drink, and votive Songs of Triumph frame.
Aeneas, bid your Friends now raise
 Their Voices to *Parthenian Juno's* Praise;
 Then shall be known if we avoid
 Of Dulness the long-borne Disgrace 160
 Which ancient Malice has employed
 To stigmatize *Bæotia's* Race;
 To thee the Secrets of the *Muse* belong,
 And well thou know'st to guide the far resounding Song.

ANTISTROPHE V.

To *Syracusa's* and *Ortygia's* Praise, 165
 Tell them aloud to swell the exulting Strain;
 Whose Plains with blameless Sceptre *Hiero* sways,
 Performing sacred Rites to *Ceres' Fane*;
 To her loved Daughter, *Pluto's* Love;
 And him the King of Gods, *Ætnean Jove*,
 Him the sounding Lyre, and Song,
 Know, and honor as their Friend;
 Ne'er may Time that rolls along
 To his Blessings give an End,

ODE VI. OF PINDAR.

17

Still may he, Fortune's Friend, with chearful Voice
In bold *Agæfias*' Worth, and votive Hymns rejoice.

E P O D E V.

Stymphalus' maternal Walls,
And *Arcadia*'s fleecy Glades
Leaving:—here his Fortune calls
To *Sicilia*'s fragrant Shades; 180
Either Country claims him now;—
When the midnight Tempests roar,
And raging loud the stormy Whirlwinds blow,
Two Anchors best the shatter'd Vessel moor.
On each may Heaven its guardian Care bestow! — 185
And thou who rulest where Ocean's Torrents flow,
Amphitrite's honor'd Mate,
Through the Rocks and Shoals of Fate
Propitious guide *Agæfias*' Bark along,
And grace with livelier Flowers my rapture-breathing Song.

C

NOTES.

N O T E S.

Agelias, the Son of *Sostratus*, is sometimes called of *Syracuse*, sometimes of *Symphalus*, a City of *Arcadia*; and the Opinion of most of the Commentators seems to be, that, of his Father's Side, he was a *Syracusan*, of his Mother's an *Arcadian*: But from the Tenor of the Ode itself, I rather incline to think he was a Native of *Symphalus*, and afterwards inhabited *Syracuse*: most likely drawn thither by the Friendship of *Hiero*; and this Idea I have followed in my Translation. Συνοικισθήρ τε τῶν κλεινῶν Συρακῶσαν, seems, I think, to intimate his being admitted to a Participation of the Rights of the *Syracusans*, rather than his being a Citizen himself. And where the Poet makes use of the Expression μάτρει; ἄνδρει, it may only mean that his maternal Ancestors lived in the Part of *Arcadia* contiguous to the Mountain *Cyllene*, and were Priests of *Mercury*. But I can see no Reason to infer from this that his paternal Ancestors were not *Arcadians*; or to imagine from any other Part of the Ode, that they were Inhabitants of *Sicily*. One of the *Greeks* who accompanied the younger *Cyrus* in his Expedition, near a Century after this, was of the same Name and Country, and is often mentioned by *Xenophon*, who had a particular Friendship for him.

Mr. *West*, in his learned Dissertation on the *Olympic Games*, gives the following Account of the ἀπην. "The

“Apené was a Chariot drawn by Two Mules, after the
 “Manner of the *Synoris* *, as *Pausanias* tells us; and was
 “introduced into the *Olympic Games* by one *Asandraftus*, as
 “we learn from *Pindar’s* Scholiast. I have called it
 “a Chariot, though if it resembled the Apené described
 “by *Homer* in the 24th *Iliad*, it should more properly be
 “called a Waggon: And indeed that Account of it agrees
 “best with what *Pausanias* says, who observes, that the
 “Race of the Apené could pretend to neither Antiquity,
 “nor Beauty; and that Mules were held in such Abomi-
 “nation by the *Eleans*, that they permitted none of those
 “Animals to be bred in their Country.”

Ver. 13. *In this thrice-honoured State by Fortune plated—*
 The original is

Ἴσω γὰρ ἐν τέτρω πιδῷ-

λῶ δαιμόνιον πόδ’ ἔχων.

To stand in a Person’s Shoes, is a well-known *English* pro-
 verbial expression. This is a striking Instance of the dif-
 ferent Genius of Languages; what is sublime in the
Greek, would be the Height of Ridicule in *English*.

Ver. 21. *Adraftus with no flattering Tongue*

On Amphiaræus, sacred Seer! bestow’d:

Adraftus, Son of *Talaus*, was King of the *Argives*: *Poly-
 nices*, Son of *Oedipus*, married his Daughter; who being
 killed, *Adraftus* made War with the *Thebans* in Behalf
 of his Son *Thersander*; where he lost a Battle before each of
 the Seven Gates of the City; and being unable to recover
 the dead Bodies of his Soldiers, he applied to *Theseus*, who

* The *Synoris* was a Chariot drawn by two full-aged Horses.

prevailed on the *Thebans* to permit him to erect a Funeral Pile before each Gate. *Amphiaraus*, Son of *Oicleus*, was a celebrated Augur that accompanied him, and was swallowed up by the Earth, at the Command of *Jupiter*.

— ὁ δ' Ἀμφιάρῳ

Σκίσιν κεραιῶν παμβία

Ζεὺς, τὰν βαθύφρονον χθόνα.

Κρύψεν δ' αὖ' ἵπποις. *Nem. ix. 57.*

Ver. 29. *O how I languish to behold
The bravest of my Warrior Train.*

In the Original it is,

Ποθέω γεαλιᾶς

Ὀφθαλμὸν ἐμᾶς —

So *Pindar*, speaking of the Ancestors of *Theron*, says,

— Σικελίας τ' ἴσαν

Ὀφθαλμὸς — *Olymp. II. 17.*

Ver. 39. *Come then, O Phintis—Φίνις, Doricè for Φάλις, anima. I have chosen to keep the Greek Word as a proper Name. Sudorius does the same in his Latin Version; only he puts Philtis.*

Junge sed promptos mihi jam jugales

Philtis. —

Ver. 54. — *Virgin Throes.* In the Original, παρθένων ὠδῖνα. The Scholiast says, Παρθένοι δὲ λίγονται παῖδες, οἱ πρὸφα τιμώμενοι τῶν νομιζόμενων παρθένων εἶναι. Those secretly produced by reputed Virgins, are called Maiden Children.

Ver. 72. *With trembling Hands unloosed her purple Zone.* The Meaning of Κάλπιδά τ' αἰγυρίαν, I confess, I do not under-

understand, and therefore have not attempted to explain it. *Sudorius* has it,

—*Evadne patulis sub umbris*

Arborum, zonam posuit simulque

Hydriam auratam—

This is an Advantage the *Latin* Translators have over those who attempt to give the Sense of an ancient Poet in their native Language. If the *Greek* is rendered faithfully, without offending the Rules either of Concord or Quantity, it is sufficient. The Reader may find out the Meaning if he can. There are numberless Instances of this in *Sudorius's* Version. The Paraphrase of this Passage in the *Oxford Pindar* is as follows—*Atque interisti illa, solutâ virgineâ zonâ, parturiendo prævias prænunciasque aquas, & sanguinem cum sætu fundens, &c.*—Another Commentator says, *Est autem verecunda partûs Descriptio, ἀργυρία κάλπις, Argentea Amphora, est aqua sætum præcurrens, zona φοινικόμορος est sanguineus humor, et involucrium in quo sætus uterum maternum egreditur.* I am at a loss which to admire most, the *Ingenuity* or the *Decency* of these Remarks.

Ver. 108. *And from his fragrant Couch the Heavenly Infant named.*

Iamus from ἴος, *viola*. Scholiast.

Ver. 135. *Thy Sire's propitious Vows—*

In the Original,

Μάτρεις ἄνδρες—

Ver, 159.—*The long borne Disgrace
Which ancient Malice has employ'd
To stigmatize Bæotia's Race.*

Βοιωτίαν ὄν, the Expression in the Original, was a proverbial Phrase throughout Greece, ridiculing the National Dullness of the *Bæotians*.

THE

THE EIGHTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To Alcimedon, on his Olympic Victory; Timosthenes,
on his Nemean Victory; and Melesias, their
Preceptor.

A R G U M E N T.

Though this is called an Olympic Ode, the Poet does not confine himself to Alcimedon, who won the Prize in those Games; but celebrates his Brother Timosthenes, for his Success at Nemea, and Melesias, their Instructor. The Ode opens with an Invocation to the Place where the Games were held. Pindar then, after praising Timosthenes for his early Victory in the Nemean Games, mentions Alcimedon, and extols him for his Dexterity, and Strength;

his Beauty, and his Country Ægina; which he celebrates for its Hospitality, and for its being under the Government of the Dorians after the Death of Æacus; on whom he has a long Digression, giving an Account of his assisting the Gods in the building of Troy. Then, returning to his Subject, he mentions Melesias as skilled himself in the Athletic Exercises, and therefore proper to instruct others; and, enumerating his Triumphs, congratulates him on the Success of his Pupil Alcimedon; which, he says, will not only give Satisfaction to his living Relations, but will delight the Ghosts of those deceased. The Poet then concludes with a Wish for the Prosperity of him and of his Family.

STROPHE I.

OLYMPIA! Mother of heroic Games!
 Queen of true Prophecy! beneath whose Grove
 While the red Victims pile the aspiring Flames,
 The Augurs search the high Behests of Jove:
 Thence try to know on whom he'll deign to smile
 Of those, who, by the Means of glorious Toil,
 Seek on the dusty Cirque with generous Pain,
 Virtue's immortal Meed, and honor'd Rest to gain,

5

A N T I.

ANTISTROPHE I.

For to the Supplications of the Good
 He ever deigns a favouring Ear to give, 10
 O *Pisa's* woody Shades, o'er *Alpheus* Flood
 That wave, my Wreath-bestowing Song receive;
 Eternal Fame, and endless Honors shine,
 On him whose Brows thy sacred Leaves entwine.—
 For different Pleasures, different Bosoms glow; 15
 And various Ways to Bliss the indulgent Gods bestow.

EPODE I.

Timosthenes, what fair Renown
 Was on your almost Infant Actions shed,
 When genial *Jove* resolved with Fame to crown
 Thine and thy Brother's youthful Head! 20
 What Time *Nemea* shouts thy conquering Name,
 And *Pisa's* Groves *Alcimedon* proclaim:
 Lovely shone his Form, and Face;
 Nor did his Deeds that Form disgrace,
 When, Victor in the glorious Strife, 25
 He bade the listening Woods around
Egina's Sea-girt Shores resound;
 Whose Regions gave him Life.

STRO.

STROPHE II.

There sacred *Themis* sits, beloved of *Jove*,
 Her favourite People's ever-watchful Guard. 30
 The crowded Coasts where various Nations move
 To judge with Skill, and sway in Peace, is hard;
 By Heaven's Decree, amidst the briny Flood
 This Isle, to every Stranger sacred, stood
 A Column firm.—O ne'er may rolling Time, 35
 Or black Misfortune, change the hospitable Clime!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here *Doria's* warlike Race their Reign begun;
 Here, after *Æacus*, their Empire rose,
 Whom potent *Neptune*, and *Latona's* Son,
 The Friend, and Partner of their Labor, chose, 40
 What Time with social Care, those Heavenly Powers
 Crown'd *Ilium's* sacred Seat, with strengthen'd Towers:
 For even then the hostile Fates decreed
 Her ample Fanes should fall, her hardy Warriors bleed.

EPODE II.

When the massy Work was raised, 45
 Three azure Dragons on the new-made Wall
 With Fury sprung—the People saw amazed
 Two on the Ground expiring fall;

The

ODE VIII. OF PINDAR.

27

The Third with horrid Roars the Summit gain'd:
When *Phæbus* thus the fatal Sign explain'd:

50

"O *Æacus*, the insulting Foe

"Shall lay the haughty Turrets low,

"Which thou hast rear'd with mortal Hands:

"*Ilion*, I see thy Fate decreed;

"And in this Omen plainly read

55

"Immortal *Jove's* Commands.

STROPHE III.

"Nor shall without thy Race these Bulwarks fall,
"Thy Sons at first shall shake the new-formed State;
"The hostile Gods thy Grandson's Offspring call,
"To seal its Doom, and close the Work of Fate." 60
Thus spoke the God, and straight o'er *Xanthus'* Tide
His skilful Hands the Heavenly Coursers guide,
Till midst the Warrior Race his Chariot stood
Of *Amazonian* Dames, by *Iphib'* frozen Flood.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Immortal *Neptune's* golden Horses now 65
To Sea-beat *Iphmus* bear his rapid Car:
There *Æacus* on *Corinth's* lofty Brow
They leave, Spectator of the sportive War.—
No Bliss alike charms all.—The votive Lays
Shall Envy blast, that chant *Melchias'* Praise? 70
Whose

Whose infant Sinews, courting fair Renown,
Obtain'd *Nemea's* Wreath, and famed *Olympia's* Crown.

E P O D E III.

After, with manly Sinews strong,
He in the great Pancratium won the Prize:—
To teach, must surely to the Skill'd belong, 75
Experience Fools alone despise:
Full well the Hero knows above the rest
To form with Precepts sage the manly Breast;
To point the surest Path that leads
To glorious Acts, and daring Deeds, 80
And future Wreaths of Fame prepare;
And well his * Pupil's fair Renown, * *Alcimedon.*
Who now has won the Thirtieth Crown,
Rewards his Teacher's Care.

S T R O P H E IV.

By Fortune favor'd, nor by Manhood less, 85
Four Striplings in the Strife he overcame,
Bade Infamy their vanquish'd Limbs oppress,
And sent them Home with Foreheads veil'd in Shame;
While to his Grandfire's hoary Head he brings
Triumphant Joy, whence Health, whence Vigor springs;
For he whom Fortune fans with prosperous Breath,
Forgets the Pains of Age, and near Approach of Death.

A N T I.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Mnemosyne, awake the Silver Lyre,
 Tune to *Blephadæ* the sounding Song:
 Well their brave Brows the flowery Bands require, 95
 To whom now Six *Olympic* Crowns belong.
 Nor will the *Muse* forget the honor'd Head
 Though sunk to Earth, and number'd with the Dead.
 The virtuous Actions of the Good and Brave,
 Shall rouse the sleeping Dust, and pierce the silent Grave.

EPODE IV.

Ipbion midst the infernal Seats
 The pleasing News from *Hermes'* Daughter hears;
 He to *Callimachus* the Tale repeats,
 Who drinks it with exulting Ears:
 That *Jove's* supreme Behest had deign'd to grace 105
 With *Pijæ's* sacred Meed their happy Race.
 Still may he Good on Good bestow,
 No pallid Sickness let them know,
 Nor *Nemesis* their social Band
 By cursed Discord e'er disjoin; 110
 But happy may they ever shine,
 To bless their native Land!

NOTES.

N O T E S.

Ver. 17. Timosthenes, *what fair Renown.* Though this, as an *Olympic Ode*, should belong chiefly to *Alcimedon*, the Poets here first mentions his Brother, and addresses himself particularly to him.

Ver. 31. *The crowded Coasts where various Nations move
To judge with Skill, and sway in Peace, is hard.*

The President *Montesquieu*, has the following Observation in his *Spirit of Laws*: * *Platon dit que dans une Ville où il n'y a point de Commerce Maritime, il faut la Moitié moins de Loix Civiles. Et cela est très vrai, le Commerce introduit dans une même Pays différent Sortes de Peuples, un grand Nombre de Conventions, d'Espèces de Biens, et de Manières d'acquérir.*

Ainsi dans une Ville Commerçante il y a moins de Juges et plus de Loix. *Esprit de Loix, Liv. xx. Chap. 18.*

There is the following Passage in the Fourth Book of *Plato de Legibus*, near the Beginning. *Εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἐπιθαλαττία τι ἔμελλεν εἶναι καὶ εὐλίμενος, καὶ μὴ πάμφορος, ἀλλ' ἐπιδεῆς πολλῶν, μεγάλῃ τινὸς ἔδει σωτήρός τε αὐτῇ, καὶ νομοθετῶν θεῶν τινων, εἰ μὴ πολλὰ τι ἔμελλεν ἦθῃ, καὶ ποικίλα καὶ φαῦλα ἔξεν τοιαύτη φύσι, γινομένη.*

Ægina was an Island in the *Ægean Sea*; and, according to the Scholiast, had Four Hundred and Eighty Thousand Inhabitants.

* *De Legibus, Lib. viii.*

Ver. 37. *Here Dorias' warlike Race their Reign begun.* The Scholiast informs us, that *Peleus* and *Telamon*, having killed their Half-Brother *Phocus*, fled, one to *Thessalia*, the other to *Salamis*; and *Æacus* dying in *Ægina* without a Successor, *Triacus*, an *Argive*, assembling some of his Country-men who were of the Race of the *Dorians*, invaded the Island, and took Possession of it.

Ver. 57. *Nor shall without thy Race her Bulwarks fall.*
It is in the Original,

Οὐκ ἄτις παίδων στίβι' ἀλ'

λ' ἄμα πρώτος ἀρχήσῃ

καὶ τέλει τοις.

This is one of the Passages of *Pindar* that is rather obscure. I have followed the common Opinion of the Commentators, who suppose *πρώτος* to allude to *Peleus* and *Telamon*, who assisted *Hercules* in his War against *Laomedon*: And *τέλειτος* to mean *Pyrrhus*; who, according to *Virgil*, slew *Priam*, and was Great Grandson to *Æacus*. *Sudorius* does the same:

—Natus at impias

Invadet arces hasque multa

Cæde madens pronepos cremabit.

Ver. 69. *No Blifs alike charms all.* This is rather an abrupt Sentence, and does not seem to arise naturally out of the Subject. Which, after all that has been said concerning the Irregularity of *Pindar*, is seldom the Case with our Poet, perhaps never, when he is rightly understood. The Original is,

Τετραπὺς δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσος ἔσσεται ἔδην.

And

And *Sudorius's* Version,

Res nulla cunctos æque homines juvat.

The Scholiast says, the Ancients were much divided in their Opinions concerning this Passage; some supposing it to relate to the several Ways *Neptune*, *Apollo* and *Æacus* went when they parted; some, to the different Exploits of *Alcimedon*, *Timosthenes*, and *Meleſſas*.

Ver. 74. *He in the great Pancratium won the Prize.*

The Pancratium from *παν* and *κράτος*, was the most laborious of the Athletic Exercises. Some Writers have improperly confounded it with the Pentathlon. There is a most accurate Account of it in *Wiff's* Dissertation on the Olympic Games; to which I refer the Reader who desires fuller Information on the Subject.

Ver. 94. *Tune to Blepsiadæ the sounding Song.* According to the Scholiast, the *Blepsiadæ* were a particular Tribe in *Ægina*, to which *Alcimedon* belonged; all of whom the Poet imagines to be interested in the Glory of his Hero.

Ver. 101. *Iphion midst the infernal Seats*

The pleasing News from Hermes' Daughter bears.

In the Original it is

Ἐμᾶ δὲ θυγατρὸς ἀκέσας Ἰφίων

Ἀγγελίας.

There is a singular Beauty in personifying Ἀγγελία, and making her Daughter to *Mercury*, which it is impossible to translate, as I know no *English* Word capable of rendering Ἀγγελία. *Sudorius* did not find his *Latin* more happy.

Iphio ut illic Angeliam audiet

Natam volantis Mercuris alitem.

I could

I could also have used the *Greek* Word; but I think it has not at all the happy Effect which strikes me so much in the Original. The Scholiast says, some suppose *Ipbion* and *Callimachus* to be simply Relations to *Alcimedon*; others, that they were his Father and Uncle. I think this Passage in the Ode strongly favours the latter Opinion:

Πατρὶ δὲ πατρὸς ἐνέπνευσεν μένος

Γήραος ἀντίπαλον.

The Address to the Grandfather supporting the Supposition of his Father being dead.

THE NINTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To *Epharmostus* of *Opus*, on his *Olympic* and *Pythian* Victories.

A R G U M E N T.

Pindar begins the Ode with mentioning the Hymn composed by Archilochus, and indiscriminately sung before such of the Olympic Victors as were not fortunate enough to have a Poet to celebrate their particular Exploits. He then invokes the Muses, to assist him in praising Epharmostus for his Success at Olympia and Pythia, and tells them it requires no common Share of Genius. He then, speaking of his Country, commends him for raising its Honor by his Skill and Success in
Athletic

Athletic Exercises, and implores the Assistance of the Graces; asserting, that no Glory can be expected without the Aid of the Superior Powers;—by whose Help, he says, Hercules was able to oppose Neptune, Apollo, and Pluto. Here he checks himself, reflecting, that it is wrong to sing of any thing that may cast Dishonour on the Gods; and, describing Deucalion's Flood, addresses Epharmostus and the Citizens of Opus, as being Descendants from him and Pyrrha, by means of their Daughter Protogenia, who was carried away by Jupiter, and had a Son by him named Opus, who founded the City of that Name. Him he celebrates for his Hospitality, and, enumerating his Friends, particularly mentions Menœtius. From thence he digresses to the Story of his Son Patroclus and Achilles attacking Telephus. The Poet now, invoking again the Muses, desires to commemorate the Victories gained by Epharmostus and his Kinsman Lampromachus; and gives an Account of their various Triumphs; and, asserting the Superiority of native over acquired Merit, and giving mental Accomplishments the Preference to all others he concludes with a Compliment to his Hero.

STROPHE I.

THE Lay Archilochus prepared, the Meed
Of every Victor on Olympia's Sand,
Might have sufficed thrice chanted, to proceed
Brave Epharmostus and his social Band;

D 2

But

But from her Bow let each *Aonian* Maid 5
 The glittering Shafts of Harmony prepare,
 The Heights of sacred *Elis* to invade,
 Her shady Forests, and her Pastures fair ;
 Seats sacred still to Thunder-bearing *Jove*,
 Which *Pelops* gain'd, the Dower of *Hippodamia's* Love. 10

ANTISTROPHE I.

To *Pythia* too one dulcet Arrow send.—
 Nor does that Poet humble Lays require
 The Chiefs who sings, for Glory that contend.—
 To princely *Opus* now the Silver Lyre
 Awake, and chant her Sons athletic Worth. 15
Opus, where *Themis*, with her Daughter, reigns,
 Divine *Eunomia*.—Mindful of his Birth,
 He decks the Capital of *Locris'* Plains
 With every Flower on *Alpheus'* Brink that grows,
 And every blooming Wreath *Castalia's* Cirque bestows.

EPODE I.

My votive Voice, in soothing Lays,
 Shall sing the much-loved City's Praise ;
 And, swifter than the Courser scours the Plain,
 Or the winged Galley cleaves the yielding Main,
 Will send the Messenger of Fame 25
 Through all the admiring World, her Honors to proclaim.
 If

If haply my assiduous Hand
 Shall cull the Flowers that deck the Graces' Land.
 For every Bliss that crowns Mankind,
 Must from the Powers Superior rise;
 And every Plan's by them design'd,
 That forms the Valiant or the Wise.

30

STROPHE II.

Favored by them, *Alcides'* nervous Arm
 Repelled the Monarch of the briny Flood;
 Nor did the Silver Bow his Heart alarm,
 But, firmly, angry *Phæbus'* Rage he stood;
 Nor could stern *Pluto's* Rod his Breast dismay,
 Which drives the Dying to his drear Abodes:—
 Rash *Muse*, desist! nor urge the impious Lay;
 Hateful's the Wisdom that blasphemes the Gods.—
 'Tis Madnefs, Strength absurdly thus to boast,
 And mortal Might compare with Heaven's triumphant Host.

35

40

ANTISTROPHE II.

Let War and Discord, with the Ills they bring,
 Be banished distant from the Etherial Train:
 Fair *Protopenia's* new-raised City sing,
 Where, from *Parnassus* to the level Plain,

45

Deucalion and his Mate descending first,
 By *Jove's* Command the rising Dome design'd;
 While from the Stones their living Offspring burst,
 To fill the Nations, and renew Mankind. — 50
 Let Strains like these their pleas'd Descendants hear,
 Old Wine delights the Taste, new Numbers charm the Ear.

E P O D E II.

Of old o'er Earth's involved Head,
 The congregated Waters spread,
 And o'er the wasted Country urged their Course; 55
 Till *Jove*, relenting, check'd their ruthless Force,
 And bade their native Beds again
 The raging Waves absorb, and spare the ravaged Plain.
 From *Pyrrha* and *Deucalion* then
 Your Sires arose, a hardy Race of Men. 60
 Thence your honor'd Lineage springs,
 The Offspring of a God's Embrace;
 And hence, for ever native Kings,
 With Glory reigns the warlike Race.

S T R O P H E III.

Opus, thy Daughter erst *Olympic Jove*
 To shady *Mænalus* from *Elis* bore;
 And there compressing with impetuous Love,
 Restor'd her to her plighted * Lord once more, * *Locrus*,
 Her

ODE IX. OF PINDAR. 39

Her Womb then teeming with the Heavenly Child;
 Lest Fate his Days without a Son should claim. 70
 The Hero on the fostered Infant smiled,
 Pleased with his Form, and gave his Grandfire's Name,
 And Subjects brave bestow'd, and fair Domains;
 Whence *Opus*' lofty Walls, and *Locris*' hardy Swains.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Drawn by his Virtues, to whose friendly Towers, 75
 From *Argos*, *Thebes*, and *Pisa*'s fertile Plain,
 And fair *Arcadia*, croud the social Powers,
*Menæti*us, chief among the Warrior Train,
 He lov'd, from *Actor* and *Ægina* sprung:
 Whose Son when wronged *Atrides* called to Arms, 8
 Was nobly found the vengeful Train among;
 Who, when the *Greeks* from *Telephus*' Alarms
 Found shameful Safety on the friendly Flood
 With *Peleus*' Godlike Son, the threatening Storm withstood.

EPODE III.

From hence the Skilful well might find 85
 The Impatience of *Patroclus*' Mind:
Achilles, therefore, with parental Care,
 Advised him ne'er alone to tempt the War.—

O could I soar on daring Wings,
 Where, in her rapid Car, the *Muse* exulting fings; 90
 (For ample Power, and eager Will,
 Attend with duteous Care her Footsteps still;)
 Thy social Worth, and *Istbmian* Prize,
Lampromachus, should grace my Lay.
 When Fame beheld both Trophies rise
 Congenial, in one rolling Day.

STROPHE IV.

Twice, *Epharmostus*, too, thy matchless Might
 Fair *Corinth* saw, and Twice *Nemea's* Ground:
Argos thy manly Brows with Glory dight,
 And *Attica* thy youthful Forehead crowned: 100
 What Praise thou met'st in *Marathon's* famed Course!
 Now, scorning with the beardless Youths to run,
 Matched with the veteran Race, thy rapid Force,
 Tempered with Skill, the Silver Goblet won;
 Shout with exulting Voice the friendly Train, 105
 To see the loveliest Youth the fairest Trophies gain,

ANTISTROPHE IV.

In *Lycian Jove's* high Feast with Wonder glowed
Parrhasia's Sons, thy Valor to behold;
 And fair *Pellana* on thy Worth bestowed
 Her Prize, a Guard secure from Winter's Cold. 100
Iolau's

Iolaus' Tomb, and fair *Eleusis'* Plain,
 Washed by the briny Wave, thy Deeds attest.—
 Though Men by Labor strive Applause to gain,
 Yet native Merit ever shines the best;
 Nor shall the Wreaths attained by Toil and Care, 115
 With Heaven-descended Might, and inborn Worth compare.

E P O D E IV.

Not every Path extends the fame,
 But various are the Roads to Fame;
 With different Eye the same Pursuits we view,
 Nor all one Wish with equal Zeal pursue; 120
 But his great Fame shall highest soar,
 Who climbs the arduous Heights of Science' sacred Lore.
 By which inspired, I now proclaim
 My Hero's Strength, his Courage, and his Fame;
 Who, Conqueror on *Oilia's* Plain. 125
 Bade the bright Meed of Victory twine,
 Great *Ajax*, round thy votive Fane,
 And graced with Wreaths the hallowed Shrine.

N O T E S.

Ver. 1. *The Lay Archilochus prepared, &c.* The Scholiast tells us, *Archilochus* composed an Ode on the Victory gained by *Hercules* and *Iolau*s at *Olympia*, called *Καλλίνικος*; from the first Word in it. Its beginning being *ὦ Καλλίνικε, χαῖρι ἀναξ' Ἡράκλειε*. This Ode it was customary to sing before every Person who gained the Prize at *Olympia*, if he had no Poet to compose one purposely for the Occasion.

Ver. 5. *But from her Bow let each Aonian Maid
The glittering Shafts of Harmony prepare.*

This Manner of Expression is not uncommon with our Poet; he uses it in the Second *Olympic Ode*:

Ἐπιχεῖ νῦν σκοπᾶ τόξον

Ἄγε θυμέ τίνα βάλλομεν

Ἐν μαλθακᾷ αὐτὴ φρε-

-νᾷ ἐν κλέας εἰσενε

ἴιστις; ἐπὶ τοι

Ἀκράγαντι τανύσαις.

Come on, thy brightest Shafts prepare,
And bend, O Muse, thy sounding Bow;
Say, through what Paths of liquid Air
Our Arrows shall we throw?

On

On *Agrigentum* fix thine Eye;

Thither let all thy Quiver fly.—*Wgt.*

And a little before in the same Ode :

Πολλὰ μοι ὑπαγκῶ-

-τος ὠκία βίλη

"Ενδον ἐντὶ φασάτρας

Φωνᾶντα συντοῖσι.

It is surprising that a Man of *Cowley's* Genius could give so very puerile a Turn as he has to the first quoted Passage,

Leave, wanton Muse, thy roving Flight,

To thy loud String the well-fletcht Arrow put,

Let *Agrigentum* be the butt,

And *Theron* be the white.

Ver. 10.—*Hippodamia*—The learned Reader must here again forgive me for sacrificing Quantity to the Genius of our Verse and Language. I have taken the same Liberty afterwards with *Protogenia*. *Iphigenia* and *Hyperion* are commonly pronounced in the same Manner.

Ver. 33. *Favored by them Alcides' nervous Arm.* The Scholiast gives the following Account of this Passage: "These were the Causes which induced *Hercules* to make War with the Gods. With *Neptune*, for assisting the *Pylians*, whom he attacked for this Reason: Having killed one *Tracbinus*, and flying on account of the Murder, he came to *Neleus* for his Aid in expiating the Crime; which being refused him, he made War on the *Pylians*, whom *Neptune* assisted, being Father to *Neleus* and *Peleas*. With *Apollo*, because, when he consulted his Oracle at *Pytho*,
he

he was told that the God was absent; which enraged him so much, that he carried away the Tripod. And with *Plato*, on account of his bringing away *Cerberus* by the Command of *Eurystheus*."

Ver. 45. *Fair Protogenia's new raised City sing.* The City of *Opus* is here called *Protogenia* from the Daughter of *Deucalion*.

Ver. 49. *While from the Stones their living Offspring burst,
To fill the Nations, and renew Mankind.*

This is the Original:

— ἄριστ'

Δ' ἐν ἅς ὁ μόδα μιν

Κτισάσθαι λίθινον γένος.

Ἀαὶ δ' ὀνόμασθαι.

By this Means, giving the Etymology of the *Greek Word* Ἀαὶς, *populus*. *Sudorius* in his Version gives the exact Sense of *Pindar*, by keeping the *Greek Word*, which could not have been done with Propriety in an *English Translation*:

— Jactu lapidum dederunt

Alteram prolem, vocitant et inde

Ἀαὶς Achivi.

The Story of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* renewing the Race of Mankind, by throwing Stones over their Heads, is thus told by *Ovid*:

Descendunt velantque caput, tunicasque recingunt.

Et jussos lapides sua post vestigia mittunt:

Saxa, (quis hoc credat nisi fit pro teste vetustas?)

Ponere

Ponere duritiem cœpere suumque rigorem
Molliri que morâ mollitaque ducere formam.

Ov. Met. l. I.

Ver. 50. *Old Wine delights the Taste; new Numbers charm
the Ear.*

Perhaps the Poet here means to hint to his Patron, the Advantage he has in having an Ode purposely composed for him, instead of having only the old one, common to all the *Olympic Conquerers*.

Ver. 65. *Opus, thy Daughter—&c.* This means *Proto-
genia*, daughter of *Deucalion*, who is mentioned before; she was married to *Locrus*, from whom the Country took its Name. *Opus* and *Deucalion* are the same Person.

Ver. 82. *And when the Greeks from Telephus' Alarms,—*
Telephus was Son of *Hercules*, and, opposing the *Greeks* in their March to *Troy*, was dangerously wounded by *Achilles*, and afterwards healed by the Rust of the same Spear that gave the Wound:

Telephus æternâ consumptus tabe perisset,

Si non quæ nocuit dextra tulisset opem.

Ov. Trist. l. V. El. ii.

As I have mentioned *Achilles*, I must beg the Reader's Indulgence for a short Digression on the Story of his being rendered invulnerable by bathing in the *Syx*; which appears to have no Foundation in any Classic Author, and seems to be one of those Additions which the *Gothic* Writers were so fond of making to the Fables of Antiquity: but though the Classic Authors are silent on the

Subject

Subject themselves, all their Commentators are full of it. The following half Verse of *Statius*,

—Ad *Stygios* iterum fero mergere fontes.

Stat. Achil. l. I. 134.

is the only Line of any ancient Poet that can at all be supposed to allude to such a Fable; but is not sufficient of itself, unsupported by any other Authority, to make us conclude that it was current in his Time, though perhaps it might give Rise to it in the Imagination of subsequent Authors. Monsieur *Boyle*, in his Dictionary, says, speaking of *Achilles*, “On a dit que sa mere l’ayant plongé dans les eaux du *Styx* pour le rendre invulnérable, ne put procurer cet avantage au talon parce qu’elle tenoit son fils par là, *Fulgence* au chapitre 7 du livre 3, et le Scholiaste d’*Horace* sur l’ode 13 du livre 5, marquent qu’elle le tint par le talon. Ceux qui disent qu’il mourut d’une blessure au talon, comme *Hygin* au Chapitre 107, et *Quinte Calaber* au vers 62 du livre 3, conviennent au fond avec les deux autres; *Servius* sur le vers 57 du 6 livre d’*Eneide* dit en general qu’il étoit invulnérable, *exceptâ parte quâ a matre sentus est.*” *Boyle*, Dict. Art. ACHIL.

Whatever *Servius*, *Fulgentius*, &c. may say, sure I am, that there is no Word of *Achilles* being invulnérable, or dying by a Wound in his Heel, in any ancient Greek Poet, nor in *Virgil*, *Horace*, or *Ovid*; and almost every Fable of Antiquity is alluded to in some or other of the Writings of the last. *Homer* actually gives an Account of his being wounded in the Hand by *Asteropæus*, who threw Two Darts together, one of which was innocent:

Τῷ δ' ἰτέρῳ, μὴ πῆκεν ἰππογράσθῃ βάλε χερὸς
 Δεξιτέρῃ, σὺν τοῦ αἵμα καλαμφύς— Iliad xxi. 166.

One razed *Achilles'* hand; the spouting Blood

Spun forth—

Pope.

Virgil says,

Dardana qui Paridis direxti tela manusque

Corpus in *Æacidae*.

Æneis, l. vi. 57.

And whoever will take the Trouble to read the Account of the Battle, between *Achilles* and *Cycnus*, in the Twelfth Book of *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses*, will, I believe, be convinced that the Poet had never heard the Story of *Achilles* being invulnerable, as well as his Antagonist.

Mr. *Warton*, in his History of English Poetry, mentions *Statius* as a great Favourite of the Romantic Writers; from that Half Line therefore of his above quoted, it is very probable, they borrowed this Story, in every Circumstance agreeing so well with the Character of Gothic Fiction. *Cervantes* informs us of a Hero of Romance, nearly in the same Circumstance. Don *Quixote*, speaking of the various miraculous Endowments of different Knights, says: "One has the Gift of never being enchanted; "another to have such impenetrable Flesh, as never to be "wounded, as was the Case of the famous *Roldan*, one of "the Twelve Peers of *France*, of whom it is reported, "that he was incapable of receiving a Wound except in "the Sole of his Left Foot; and there it must be made with "the Point of a large Needle, and no other Weapon "whatever. Therefore, when *Bernardo del Carpio* killed "him at *Roncevalles*, seeing it impossible to wound him "with

"with Steel, he lifted him from the Ground in his Arms,
 "and strangled him, recollecting the Death that *Hercules*
 "gave to *Antæus*, that fierce Giant, said to be a Son of
 "the Earth."

Don *Quixote*, Part III. Book iv. Chap. 32.

Ver. 93. *Thy social Worth and Isthmian Prize,*

Lampromachus, shall grace my Lay.

The Scholia make *Lampromachus* a Kinsman and Fellow Citizen of *Epharmostus*. The elder Scholiast says, that some were of Opinion he won the *Isthmian* Crown the same Day that his Friend did the *Olympic*; others, that they were both *Isthmian* Prizes; the younger Scholiast only mentions the last Opinion. Indeed it was not likely that the *Olympic* and *Isthmian* Games should be celebrated at the same Time.

THE TENTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To *Agefidamus*, Son of *Archeſtratus*, an *Epizephyrian Locrian*, on his Victory obtained by the *Caſtus*.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet begins the Ode, by apologizing to Agefidamus, for having ſo long delayed composing it, after promiſing to do it. He then compliments him upon his Country, and conſoles him for being worſted at the Beginning of the Conteſt, till encouraged by Ilaſ, by relating the ſame Circumſtance of Hercules and Patroclus. He then deſcribes the Inſtitution of the Olympic Games, by Hercules, after the Victory he
E
obtained

obtained over Augeas, and the Sons of Neptune and Molione; and enumerates those who won the first Prizes in the Athletic Exercises. He then, returning to Agesi-damus, and congratulating him on having a Poet to sing his Exploits, though after some Delay, concludes with praising him for his Strength and Beauty.

STROPHE I.

O Muse, awake the Olympic Lay,
Which to Arcestratus' brave Son we owe;
The Meed I promised to bestow,
Oblivion's icy Hand had wiped away:
And thou, O Truth, the favorite Maid
Of Thundering Jove, vouchsafe thy Aid,
To quell their slanderous Falshoods, who pretend
I e'er with wilful Aim deceived a trusting Friend.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Full many an Hour has rolled away
Since Shame has made my Cheeks with Crimson glow, so
So long the promised Meed to owe:
But now the Song, with Interest, I'll repay;
And, as where Ocean's Billows roar,
They clear from Stain the pebbled Shore,

So

ODE X. OF PINDAR.

51

So shall the Breath of this my friendly Strain,
To listening Crouds assert my spotless Faith again.

15

E P O D E I.

Where, gently fanned by *Zephyr's* balmy Breeze,
Fair *Truth* o'er *Locris'* Colony presides;
Her Guardian, sweet *Calliope*, she sees,
While Warlike *Mars* the generous Care divides.— 20
Bold *Cycnus*, in the hard-fought Field,
Forced *Hercules* at first to yield;
Agefidamus, so thy Might
Was wavering in the *Olympic* Fight.
Till, as *Achilles'* friendly Tongue 25
Patroclus' fainting Limbs new strung;
So *Ilus'* Words thy drooping Spirits fire,
Thy slumbering Virtues rouse, and God-like Deeds inspire.

25

S T R O P H E II.

When Emulation warms the Breast,
The Youth (Heaven aiding) matchless Fame shall gain;
But few the envied Prize obtain 31
By slothful Luxury and inglorious Rest;
Now, Custom bids my *Muse* proclaim
Jove's Festival and solemn Game,
With which *Alcides* honored *Pelops'* Shrine, 35
When *Neptune's* baffled Sons confessed his Power divine.

35

E 2

A N T I.

ANTISTROPHE II.

When his triumphant Arm had laid,
 O blameless *Cteatus*! thy Glory low;
 And bold *Eurytas* felt the Blow,
 O'ercome by Stratagem in *Cleon's* Glade; 40
 From proud *Augias*, to obtain
 The promised Meed of Toil and Pain;
 And wreak on *Molion's* Sons the fatal Day,
 When stretch'd on *Elis'* Plains his slaughter'd Army lay.

EPODE II.

Soon did the * faithless King his Fraud repay, * *Augias*,
 He saw his Country's fairest Hopes expire; 46
 Saw his exulting Cities fall a Prey
 To vengeful Slaughter, and consuming Fire;
 Saw Desolation's iron Reign
 Extend o'er all his fair Domain.— 50
 Vain are the Endeavours to withstand
 The Vengeance of a mightier Hand;
 Awhile he rashly tried to oppose
 The forceful Entry of his shouting Foes;
 Till, seeing fell Destruction round him wait, 55
 Amidst the Press he sought a voluntary Fate.

S T R O.

STROPHE III.

On *Pija's* Plains the Son of *Jove*
 Assembled, with their Spoils, his conquering Band;
 And bade for ever sacred stand
 To his eternal Sire this hallow'd Grove : 60
 Bade sacred Fences straight surround
 The *Altis'* consecrated Ground ;
 Whilst round, the festive Seats with Splendor gleam,
 And crown the verdant Brink of *Alpheus'* honored Stream.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alpheus, who, with the imperial Train
 Of high *Olympus*, shares the Sacrifice;
 Where the *Saturnian* Summits rise,
 With Site conspicuous from the trophied Plain ;—
 There, erst when *Oenomaus* swayed, 70
 In Snow was wrapped the unnoticed Glade.
 On the first Rites propitious smiled the Fates;
 And Time, on whom even Truth for Confirmation waits :

EPODE III.

He, rolling on with never-ceasing Course,
 To the succeeding Race of Men, declares,
 How the rich Spoils of War's resistless Force, 75
 The Godlike Hero 'midst his Army shares ;

And bids the festive Games still cheer
 Again each fifth-revolving Year.—
 Who in the Contests now ordained,
 The first *Olympic* Wreath obtained? 80
 Whose Coursers in the rattling Car,
 Or Limbs exerted in the sportive War,
 Or Feet inured to urge the rapid Race,
 Snatched from their baffled Foes the matchless Olive's Grace?

STROPHE IV.

On the long Stadium's even Course, 85
Oonus, great *Lycimnius*' valiant Son,
 The Prize with active Footsteps won,
 Who brought from *Midia*'s Plains his friendly Force:
 Resplendent with the Wrestler's Oil,
 Fair Victory crown'd the * *Tegean*'s Toil: * *Ecbemus*. 90
 While brave *Doryclus*, from *Tirynthe*'s Shore,
 The *Cæstus*' manly Prize from all his Rivals bore.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Conspicuous on his conquering Car,
 The *Muse* *Mantinian Semus*' Coursers sings;
Phrastor the unerring Javelin flings; 95
 While, by *Eniceus*' Sinews hurl'd, afar
 Beyond the rest the Discus flies,—
 Resound the Shores with friendly Carries;
 While

While lovely *Luna* pours her argent Light
Full-orb'd, and cheers with Rays the gloomy Shades of Night.

E P O D E IV.

The echoing Woods, and vaulted Temples round, 101
Ring with the jocund Shouts, and festive Strain.
Following their great Example, we resound
Their Glories who the *Olympic* Olive gain:
And in the far-resounding Verse 105
The manly Victor's Praise rehearse,
And tune the Hymn to awful *Jove*;
Who, 'midst the Sapphire Plains above,
Bids the bright-gleaming Lightning fly,
And darts the Thunder through the trembling Sky. 110
Breathed to soft Flutes sweet sounds the lingering Lay,
Which, formed on *Dirce's* Brink, though long deferred, we pay.

S T R O P H E V.

As grateful comes the long-hoped Air;
As to the expecting Sire whom Age and Pain
To second Child-hood bend again, 115
The happy Offspring of a legal Heir:
The joyful Tidings straight impart
New Vigor to his sinking Heart;
For Wealth itself the dying Breast offends,
When to a Stranger's Hand the envied Gift descends. 120

ANTISTROPHE V.

So he who at dread *Pluto's* Gate
 Arrives unsung ;—though Worth and fair Renown
 His every Word and Action crown,
 What shining Honour shall that Worth await?
 Thy Ears, the Lyre, and dulcet Flute,
Agefidamus! shall salute;
 O'er thy fair Fame distil mellifluous Lays,
 And all *Pieria's* Choir afford thee ample Praise.

125

EPODE V.

And on his Country too we must bestow
 The faithful Tribute of a votive Verse;
 On *Locris'* Race the honied Stream shall flow,
 While their victorious Son my Lays rehearse;
 Whom, by *Olympia's* awful Shrine,
 My Eyes beheld, with Strength divine,
 In the stern Conflict bear away
 The envied Trophies of the Day.
 Lovely his Form, while Youth's soft Grace
 Shed smiling Beauty o'er his Face;
 Youth's Bloom divine, which, join'd to potent Love,
 The ruthless Arm of Death, from *Ganymedes* drove.

130

135

140

NOTES.

N O T E S.

Ver. 12. *But now the Song with Interest I'll repay.*

Pindar, having so long delayed sending the Ode, according to his Promise, accompanied it with another small one, to atone for his Neglect: this is the Eleventh Ode; which is from thence entitled Τόκος, Interest. It is translated by *West*.

Ver. 17. *Where, gently fanned by Zephyr's balmy Breeze,
Fair Truth o'er Locris' Colony presides.*

There was a Colony of *Locrians* established in that Part of *Italy* called *Magna Græcia*; who, from their Western Situation, were stiled *Epizephyrian Locrians*. *Agæfidamus* was of this Colony; the Ode being inscribed in the Original, Ἀγισιδάμω, Λόκρω Ἐπιζεφυρίω.

Ver. 21. *Bold Cycnus, in the hard-fought Field,
Forced Hercules at first to yield.*

Hercules, making War with *Cycnus*, the Son of *Mars* (the *Cycnus* slain by *Achilles* was a Son of *Neptune*), on account of his Cruelty, was at first defeated, though he afterwards overcame and killed him. From this Circumstance, and from *Patroclus* being encouraged by the Exhortations of *Achilles* at the Siege of *Troy*, he consoles *Agæfidamus* for being worsted at the Beginning of the Conflict, till he assumed fresh Strength and Spirits from the Encouragement of *Ilas*, his Ἀλείπτης, or Anointer: Whose Business it was, not only to prepare the Combatants for the Contest by anointing them, but also to instruct them in the Athletic Exercises;

Exercises; as appears from what is said of *Meleſſas* in the Eighth *Olympic Ode*, who in the Title of it is ſtiled *Ἀγώνης*, Unſtor. This *Ilaſ* the elder Scholiaſt calls *Iolaſ*; and the younger Scholiaſt, and after him *Sudorius*, *Hyluſ*. I have choſen to keep the Name as it is in *Pindar*.

Ver. 35. *Jove's feſtival and ſolemn Game,*

With which Alcides honored Pelopſ' Shrine.

The Poet here gives an Account of the Firſt Inſtitution of the *Olympic Games*, by *Hercules*, after the Victory he had obtained over *Augeaſ*, and his Allies *Cteatus* and *Eurytuſ*, Sons of *Neptune* and *Moliome*; with whom he made War, to obtain the Reward promiſed him by *Augeaſ*; and to revenge the Loſs of his Army, which had been before cut to Pieces by *Cteatus* and *Eurytuſ*; in which were ſlain his Brother *Iphicles*, and alſo *Telamon* and *Calcedon*.

Ver. 62. *The Altis' conſecrated Ground.* The *Altis* was a Grove near the *Olympic Stadium*, ſacred to *Jupiter*; in which were placed the Statues of the *Olympic Conquerors*. In *Weſt's* Diſſertation there is a particular Account of it.

Ver. 65. *Who, worſhiped with imperial Train*

Of high Olympuſ, ſhares the Sacrifice.

In the Original it is,

Μία δώδεξ ἀνάκτορ θεῶν.

There were Six Altars erected by *Hercules*, to Twelve of the principal Gods: the Firſt was dedicated to *Jupiter* and *Neptune*; the Second, to *Juno* and *Minerva*; the Third, to *Mercury* and *Apollo*; the Fourth, to *Bacchuſ* and the *Graces*; the Fifth, to *Diana* and *Alpheuſ*; the Sixth to *Saturn* and *Rhea*.

Ver.

Ver. 85. *On the long Stadium's even Course.* The Poet here gives the Names of the Conquerors at the First Institution of the *Olympic Games*, in the Six different Exercises, viz. the Foot Race; the Palé, or Wrestling; the Cæstus; the Chariot Race; Darting; and Throwing the Discus; all of which, with other Exercises added afterwards, are accurately described in *Weff's Dissertation on the Olympic Games*.

Ver. 112.—*Formed on Dirce's Brink*—*Dirce* was the Name of a Fountain near *Thebes*, supposed to have been Wife to *Lycus*, King of *Thebes*, and transformed into a Fountain by *Jupiter*, after having been torn to Pieces by *Horses*, for her Cruelty to *Antiope*.

THE THIRTEENTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To *Xenophon*, of *Corinth*, on his Victory in the
Stadic Course, and Pentathlon, at *Olympia*.

A R G U M E N T.

The Poet begins his Ode, by complimenting the Family of Xenophon, on their Successes in the Olympic Games, and their Hospitality; and then celebrates their Country, Corinth, for its good Government, and for the quick Genius of its Inhabitants, in the Invention of many useful and ornamental Arts. He then implores Jupiter to continue his Blessings on them, and to remain propitious to Xenophon; whose Exploits he enumerates, together with those of
Thesſalus

*Theſſalus and Ptoëdorus, his Father, and Grandfather.
He then launches out again in Praise of Corinth and her
Citizens, and relates the Story of Bellerophon. He then,
checking himself for digressing so far, returns to his Hero,
relates his various Success in the inferior Games of Greece,
and concludes with a Prayer to Jupiter.*

STROPHE I.

WHILST I rehearse the illustrious House's Praise,
Thrice Victor in *Olympia's* sportive War;
To Friends and Strangers open; let my Lays
The Fame of happy *Corinth* bear afar:
Which as a Gate to *Neptune's Isthmus* stands,
Proud of her blooming Youth and manly Bands;
There, fair *Eunomia*, with her Sister Train
Blest *Peace* and *Justice*, hold their sacred Reign;
Who Wealth and smiling Ease on Mortals shower,
From *Themis'* genial Care, drawing their natal Hour. 10

ANTISTROPE I.

But bloated Insolence and fell Disdain
Far from their peaceful Seats they drive away.
Now lovely Deeds inspire my sounding Strain,
And honest Boldness swells my rising Lay;

When

When native Worth the generous Bosoms feel, 15
 'Tis hard the shining Virtues to conceal.
Corinth, on thee the blooming Hours bestow
 The envied Wreaths from manly Deeds that flow,
 And teach thy dædal Sons with careful Heart,
 First to explore the Way of many a useful Art. 20

E P O D E I.

Who bade the Bullock sacred bleed
 To *Bacchus* in the *Dithyrambic* Rite?
 Who first with Reins the generous Steed
 Directed in his rapid Flight?
 And bade the sculptured Bird of *Jove* 25
 The Temple's massy Roofs above,
 For ever fixed on either End,
 His ornamental Wings extend?
 While the sweet *Muse* her Silver Sounds inspires,
 And *Mars* with glorious Flame the Warriors Bosom fires. 30

S T R O P H E II.

Olympia's honor'd Patron! potent *Jove*!
 Whose sovereign Mandates o'er the World extend,
 O with propitious Ear my Strain approve,
 And, to fair *Corinth's* virtuous Sons a Friend,
 On *Xenophon* let Gales propitious breathe, 35
 And take with Hand benign the Victor Wreath

He

ODE XIII. OF PINDAR.

63

He won: Surpassing, when on *Pisa's* Shore,
 What mortal Valor had perform'd before;
 The *Stadic* Course re-echoed his Renown,
 And with knit Limbs he gain'd the *Pentatletic* Crown. 40

ANTISTROPHE II.

And twice conspicuous on the trophied Course
 The *Isthmian* Parsley grac'd his Victor Brow;
 Nor did *Nemea's* Cirque condemn his Force.—
 And where the sacred Waves of *Alpheus* flow
 His Father *Thestalus* the Olive wore 45
 By Swiftness gain'd, and since on *Pythia's* Shore,
 One Sun beheld his Might, 'midst wondering Eyes
 Obtain the *Stadic*, and *Diaulic* Prize;
 And the same Month, to grace his honor'd Brow,
 The third Triumphal Wreath did *Attica* bestow. 50

EPODE II.

Seven Times with resistless Force
 Did *Thestalus* the *Hellotian* Trophies gain,
 With *Pæodorus* too, his Sire,
 He triumphed on the *Isthmian* Plain. 55
 The swelling Joy, the sounding Song,
 Still follow as they go along;
 What Wreaths! what Honors! too, they bore
 From *Pythia's* and *Nemea's* Shore!—
 He who recounts their various Crowns, as well
 May number all the Sands where Ocean's Billows swell. 60

Some

S T R O P H E III.

Some Medium though will every Praise beseeem,—
 Which 'tis the first of Wisdom still to know.—
 While, with no alien Voice, the much-lov'd Theme
 The Fame of *Corinth* from my Lips shall flow;
 And I her Chiefs, and prudent Sires rehearse, 65
 No Sounds fallacious shall disgrace my Verse:
 There *Sisyphus* arose, whose Wiles could shine
 With matchless Force and Lustre near Divine;
Medea there, whom *Venus*' Flames inspire
 The *Grecian* Ship to save, and cheat her cruel Sire. 70

A N T I S T R O P H E III.

When warred the *Greeks* on *Phrygia*'s hostile Strand,
 On either Side her Sons embattled stood,
 Though to bear *Helen* from the ill-fated Land,
 Her Warriors with the *Atridae* crossed the Flood;
 Yet some, who those with vengeful Spears repelled 75
 From *Corinth*'s Race their honor'd Lineage held,
 For *Lycian Glaucus* to the *Acbaian* Host
 Trembling before his Lance, would often boast
 His Sires' Abode, and Wealth, and wide Domain,
 Where fair *Pirene*'s Waves enrich the fertile Plain. 80

Who

E P O D E III.

Who by the Silver Fountain's Side
 Much Labor found, and much Affliction knew;
 While winged *Pegasus* he tried,
Medusa's Offspring to subdue;
 Till, sleeping on his native Plains, 85
Minerva gave the Golden Reins;
 "Awake, *Æolian* King! awake!
 "This sacred Gift with Transport take;
 "Shew it to *Neptune*, potent God of Steeds,
 "While at his hallowed Shrine the votive Bullock bleeds."

S T R O P H E IV.

The *Ægis*-bearing Maid *Minerva* spoke,
 While Midnight Slumbers closed his heavy Eyes;
 Straight from the dull Embrace of Sleep he broke,
 And seized with eager Hand the glittering Prize:
Cæranus' Son he fought, the neighbouring Seer, 95
 And poured the wonderful Tidings in his Ear;
 That, as in awful *Pallas'* holy Fane,
 Sleep o'er his Temples spread her leaden Reign;
 Before him stood confessed the warlike Maid,
 And by his Side at once the golden Bridle laid. 100

ANTISTROPHE IV.

The wondering Augur bade him straight obey
 Each mystic Mandate of the Dream divine;
 To *Neptune* first the votive Bullock pay;
 Then to Equestrian *Pallas* rear a Shrine:
 Beyond his Hopes the Gods with favoring Will 105
 The Object of his Wishes soon fulfil;
 For brave *Bellerophon*, with joyful Look,
 The sacred Present of the Immortals took;
 Threw it with Ease about his arching Head,
 And peaceful in his Hand the Etherial Courser led. 110

E P O D E IV.

Now, shining in refulgent Arms,
 The winged *Pegasus* his Limbs bestrode;
 And seeking War's severe Alarms,
 To *Amazonia's* Plains he rode;
 And, 'midst the chilling Reign of Frost, 115
 O'ercame the Female Archer-Host.
 His Arms *Chimæra's* Flames subdued;
 The dauntless *Solyimi* he flew.—
 I pass the Death his cruel Fate decreed,
 When *Jove's* eternal Stalls received the immortal Steed.

STROPHE

STROPHE V.

While thus the Shafts of Harmony I throw,
 Let me not aim too wide with erring Hand;
 The *Muses* now command the Strain to flow
 To *Olyæthidaæ's* triumphant Band;
 Recount the early Praise and young Renown 125
 On *Isthmia's* and *Nemea's* Cirque they won;
 In Verse concise stupendous Deeds display,
 And with an Oath confirm the wonderous Lay;
 That in both Stadiums, for their Vigor famed,
 Full Sixty Victor Wreaths the Herald's Voice proclaimed.

ANTISTROPHE V.

How oft their Brows the *Olympic* Olive graced, 131
 To Fame already have my Numbers given,
 What future Crowns shall on their Heads be placed,
 Though we may hope, is only known to Heaven:
 Yet if new Strifes their Genius bids them prove, 135
 We trust the Event to *Mars*, and mighty *Jove*.
 Oft from *Parnassus' Heights* the Meed they bore,
 And *Argos' Fields*, and *Thebes' resounding Shore*;

And well can witness *Lycian Jove's* high Fane,
The manly Toils it saw on fair *Arcadia's* Plain.

140

E P O D E V.

Pellana's Fields, and *Sycion's* Coast ;
Megara, and the *Æacides'* Domain ;
Elenfis' Cirque, and, Freedom's Boast,
Fair *Marathon's* triumphant Plain ;
Proud *Ætna*, and *Eubœa* green, 145
Have their victorious Trophies seen.
Through *Græcia's* Realms their large Amount
Of Wreaths, in vain the *Muse* would count.—
Assist, immortal *Jove* ! my soaring Lays,
And crown with honored Ease my calm-revolving Days.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

Ver. 1. —*The illustrious House*

Thrice Victor in Olympia's sportive War.

The Poet here alludes to the several Prizes gained by *Xenophon*, his Father *Thestalus*, and his Grandfather *Ptaodorus*; all which are mentioned in the Ode, and not to Three Prizes won by *Xenophon* alone, as some Commentators have imagined, making *Σταδίου δρόμων* not to signify One Exercise, but Two. I leave the precise Meaning of these Words to be determined by those who are more curious in these Sort of Conjectures; but I think the Poet's Intention is put out of all Doubt by the Expression *οἶκον τριπολυμπιονίκων*; which plainly relates to *Xenophon's* Family, and not to himself.

Ver. 25. *And bade the sculptured Bird of Jove,*

The Temple's massy Roofs above,

For ever fixed on either End,

His ornamental Wings extend?

This is rather an obscure Passage, and relates to a particular Ornament of the *Grecian* Temples, viz. the *Aëtoma*, or Figure of an Eagle placed there; the Invention of which the Poet here ascribes to the *Corinthians*. The Scholiast adds, it was called Double, from its Form;

or rather from there being one placed on each End of the Temple, Δίδυμον δὲ φησὶν ὅτι διπλάτον αἰλώματα τὰ ὑπὸ τοῖς καὶ ἑμπροσθίν. *Sudorius* only differs from me by placing it within the Temple; and perhaps he is in the right, as the Word in the Original is, ἐνθῆκε;

—vel intra,

Templa aquilæ speciem locavit?

I have seen a *Latin* Comment on *Pindar*, which supposes αἰτώμα to mean a Part of the Temple itself; and to be so called, from its extending on each Side as an Eagle does its Wings. Sciendum est αἰτώμα locum et partem Templi fuisse, ita dictam quæ αἰλὸς etiam dicta est propterea quod in modum aquilæ extendentis alas formata esset. Comment. in Pind. auctore Benedicto Aretio Bernensi, p. 189.

Ver. 37. *Surpassing, when on Pisa's Shore,*

What Mortal Valor had performed before;

The Stadic Course re-echoed his Renown,

And with knit Limbs he gained the Pentathletic Crown.

The Mention only of Two Prizes here, confirms, I think, my Opinion of the Passage spoken of in the First Note. The *Pentathlon* consisted of Five different Exercises, viz. Leaping, Running, Quoiting, Darting, and Wrestling; thus expressed in a *Greek* Epigram;

Ἰσθμια καὶ Πυθαὶ Διοφῶν ὁ Φίλωνος ἐνίκα,

Ἄλμα, Ποδωκίην, Δίσκον, Ἀρόη, Πάλην.

Anthologia, l. i. cap. 1. epig. 8.

I

What

What made it so extraordinary for the *Pentathlete* to succeed in any of the other Exercises, was the great Application, and strict and peculiar Regimen, necessary to be observed in the attaining Perfection in any one of the Gymnastic Exercises; which Care the *Pentathlete* was obliged to divide amongst so many. *Plato* confirms this in his *Ἐξαγαί*; where he makes *Socrates* answer to a Person who affirms Philosophy to consist in a general Knowledge: Δοκίς γάρ μοι λέγειν οἶον ἐν τῇ ἀγωνίᾳ εἶσιν οἱ Πένταθλοι πρὸς τὰς δρομίας, ἢ τὰς πεζιαγὰς, καὶ γὰρ ἱκεῖναι τούτων μὲν λείποισι καὶ τὰ τούτων ἄθλα, καὶ δεύτεροι εἰσὶ, πρὸς τὰς τῶν δ' ἄλλων ἀθλητῶν, πρῶτοι, καὶ νικῶσιν αὐτάς. "You seem to speak of a Person like the *Pentathlete*; who, when matched with a Runner, or Darter, in their own particular Exercises, is always inferior, though he may be the First among the other Athlets (i. e. *those of his own Profession*), and overcome them." *Longinus* has also a Passage much to the same Purpose; when, comparing *Hyperides* with *Demosthenes*, he mentions the various Merits of the former, and says, "He bears the Second Rank in almost every thing, like a *Pentathlete*, who, though he may be inferior to those who hold the First Estimation in their several particular Exercises, yet excells all others of the same Class with himself:" Ὡς δὲ Πένταθλος, ὥς τῶν μὲν πρῶτων ἐν ἅπασι τῶν ἄλλων ἀγωνιστῶν λείπεσθαι, πρῶτον δὲ τῶν ἰδιωτῶν.

Ver. 48. *The Isthmian Parsley graced his Victor Brow.*
The Prizes in the Four sacred Games are enumerated in the following Line:

"Ἀθλα δὲ τῶν Κότινος, Μῆλα, Σίλινα, Πίτυς.

The

The latter of which, *i. e.* a Garland made of the Leaves of the Wild Pine, was the Reward given in the *Isthmian* Games. But *Pindar's* Scholiast informs us, that *σίδινα*, the Parsley, was also sometimes given at the *Isthmian* Games, as well as the *Nemean*; only with this Difference, that the *Isthmian* Parsley was dried, and the *Nemean* green. The Third Question of the Fifth Book of *Plutarch's* Symposiacs assigns the Reasons for changing the Pine Branch for the Parsley, and afterwards restoring the Pine again.

Ver. 48.—*Diaulic Prize.* The Diaulus was a Foot-Race, twice the Length of the Stadic, consisting of Two Stadiums, as that did of One.

Ver. 77. *For Lycian Glaucus to the Achaian Host,
Trembling before his Lance, would often boast
His Sire's Abode, and Wealth, and wide Domain,
Where fair Pirene's Waves enrich the fertile
Plain.*

Glaucus was King of *Lycia*, Great Great Grandson to *Bellerophon*; though *Pindar* says Παλῆος ἀεχχᾶν κ. τ. λ. He was an Ally of *Priam's*, at the Siege of *Troy*. In *Hom.*, he gives an Account of his whole Lineage, and the Story of *Bellerophon*, at large, in his Speech to *Diomedes*, in the Sixth *Iliad*. It is too long to insert here.

Ver. 121. *While thus the Shafts of Harmony I throw.*
This is another Instance of that Manner of Expression I have taken Notice of in the Note upon the Fifth Line of the Ninth Ode.

Ver.

Ver. 124. *To Oligæthidæ's triumphant Band.* The *Oligæthidæ*, were a Tribe, or Division of the People, at *Corinth*, to which *Xenophon* belonged. The Scholiast, says, the Number of their Prizes was equal in each of the Games, viz. Thirty in the *Isthmian*, and Thirty in the *Nemean*. Ἐξηκοντάκις γὰρ ἀμφοτέροι τοῖς ἀγῶσι Ἰσθμίοις καὶ Νεμείοις ἀνεκυρήχθησαν οἱ Ὀλιγαθίδαι, τριάκοντα ἰν ἑκάστῳ ἀγῶνι.

Ver. 137. *Of from Parnassus' Heights, &c.* The Poet here, as in several of his other Odes, enumerates the Exploits of his Patron and his Family, in those inferior Festivals which were held in almost every City throughout *Greece*; and where the same Exercises were performed, though the Prizes were not so honorable as in the Four principal ones, viz. the *Olympic*, *Pythian*, *Nemean*, and *Isthmian*; which were called, by way of Eminence, sacred. A List of these Festivals, with the Occasion of them, and the Places where they were held, may be found in the Twentieth Chapter of the First Volume of *Potter's Grecian Antiquities*.



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